



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

Crimson Drops of Blood

[sad](#) [suicide](#)

52 2 4

Chapter 1 by Anime_1633

Rain lazily dropped from the sky and I stared out my window. I sat in my black bedroom alone. My bed was set next to the window so I could do my drawing. I was in the middle of another one of my drawings. I threw down my drawing pad with the girl sitting on the paper. Lifeless. Her long black hair hugged her body as she sat on her bed. She felt guilty. She had killed someone a few seconds ago and she couldn't think. The bloody knife I had drawn sat by her. Tempting her. The knife was thirsty once more and needed the blood of another victim. I began to cry feeling guilty. I was.....drawing my self. My dark brown eyes watched the knife. It was speaking to me again. I got up back up. My black boots making me feel taller. I stood by the side of my bed. I got angrier and angrier. I picked up my pad of paper and threw it out the window. I then picked up the knife. "I'm sorry for ignoring your hunger my friend. Tonight you will feast." I took the knife and exited my bedroom.

Chapter 2 by CreeperKat666



I walked into the bathroom, closed the door behind me and locked it. I stared at the knife in my hand and sighed. "I'm sorry..." I whispered to myself. I held the knife to my wrist and sliced my

wrist open. Then I remember lyrics from a song. "It burns for a moment but, but then it numbs you. Takes you and leaves you just a shadow of relief washes over me as drops of crimson red blood trickle down my arm and onto the floor."

[See more of Story Wars](#)[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

Chapter 3 by Anime_1633



I started to laugh. As I stood up I could feel the blood trickle from my wrist to the white marble floor. The blade stained again. I opened the bathroom door and went back into my bedroom. I threw myself on my bed as I picked up my drawing pad. The girl on my notebook seemed happy. I took my pen and drew a few lines on this girl's wrist. Then with the blood from the blade, I took a few drops and smeared it on the paper. My head started to spin. All of a sudden the girl looked angry. I threw the knife back on my bed. I held my ears and rocked back and forth. The blood smearing on my cheek. The knife -my friend- started to speak again. " You know that was not what I wanted. Yes I enjoy the taste of your blood but that's not what I really meant. You know what I want. " I started to laugh like a mad man. I opened up my ears and listened. I heard my parents snoring next door. " Yes," He said. I picked up the knife and exited my bedroom. A second time.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8 (1 draft)

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account